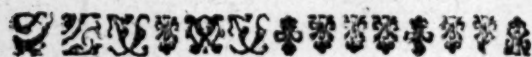
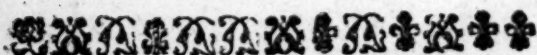


* The Merchant's SON,

— A N D —

Beggar-Wench of HULL.



YOU Gallants all, I pray draw near,
And you this pleasant Jest shall hear,
How a poor Beggar-Wench of *Hull*,
A Merchant's Son of *Tork* did gull.

One Morning on a certain Day,
He cloath'd himself in rich Array,
And took with him as it is told,
The Sum of Sixty Pounds in Gold.

So mounting on a prancing Steed,
He towards *Hull* did ride with speed,
Where in his Way he chanc'd to see
A Beggar-Wench of base Degree.

She asked him for some Relief,
And said with seeming Tears of grief,
That she had neither House nor Home,
But for her Living was forc'd to Roam.



He seem'd to lament her Case,
And said thou hast a pretty Face,
And if thou'lt lodge with me he cry'd,
With Gold thou shalt be satisfy'd.

Her silence seem'd to give consent,
So to a little House they went,
The Landlord laugh'd to see him kiss
The Beggar-wench and ragged Miss.

He needs would have a Supper dress'd,
And call'd for Liqueur of the best,
And there they tost off Bumpers free,
The Jovial Beggar-Wench and he.

A Dose she gave him as 'tis thought,
Which by the Landlady was bought,
For all the Night he lay in Bed,
Secure as if he had been dead.

Then did she put on all his Cloaths,
His Coat, his Breeches, and his Hole,
His Hat and Perriwig likewise,
And seiz'd upon the Golden Prize.

Her greasy Petticoat and Gown,
In which she rambled up and down,
She left the Merchant's Son in lieu,
Her Bag of Bread and Bacon too.

Down Stairs like any Spark she goes,
Ten Guineas to the Host she throws,
At which he smil'd, she went her way,
And ne'er was heard of from that Day.

When he had took his long Repose,
He look'd about and miss'd his Cloaths,
And saw her Rags left in the Room,
How did he storm, nay fret and fume!

Town,
Yet wanting Cloaths and Friends in
Her ragged Petticoat and Gown,
He did put on, and mounting strait,
Bemoaned his unhappy Fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the Dress
Which he was in, yet ne'er the less,
He Homewards rid and often swore,
He'd never kiss a Beggar more.

N O R T H A M P T O N :

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